

OVER HERE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, NO. 3.

Volume I.

Rahway, N. J., Friday, May 23, 1919.

No. 26.

Field Day Program For All At Hospital

**Friday, May 30th, Selected
for Day of Athletic Events--
Several Prizes**

A monster field day is to be staged at this Post May 30th. It is planned to have the events start at 9:30 a. m. and to be finished by 3:30 in the afternoon.

The morning will be given over to the athletic events which will be run on the new Baseball field. Seven events open to the patients will be contested; these events will be arranged to fit the disability of the entrants. There will also be six other events for Officers and enlisted men.

The afternoon will be given over to a Baseball game between the Post team and a team from the Spicer Manufacturing Co. Contests between the Nurses and Reconstruction Aides will also be held.

Everybody at the Post should plan to enter one of these events. One never knows their own athletic ability until they enter competition; many champions have been uncovered in what only proved to be a simple Field Day.

Maj. Thomas Gagon, Maj. Corbusier, Mr. Heusel, of the Red Cross, Sec. Wilson of the "Y" and Sec. Kiernan of the K. of C. are all co-operating and some valuable prizes are to be placed at stake.

EXHIBITION BY MAXIMOFF.

Sergeant Maximoff, of the Physical Therapy department, will be on the program at the Red Cross house to-night and will give an exhibition of physical culture, a short talk on the value of athletics and an interesting program of wrestling. An interesting and beneficial evening is assured those who are present.

NATIONAL SERVICE CANTEEN.

Miss Margaret Hansel and Miss Davey, pianists, and Mr. Smith, with the traps, provided an enjoyable musical program at the Canteen, Friday night. As usual "Up Jenkins" attracted a large number of the men and provided lots of excitement.

The volunteer workers this week are Miss Charlotte Boote, Miss Helen Davey, Miss Margaret Colie and Miss Dorothy Smith, of East Orange, and Miss Edith Castle, of Long Valley, N. J.

All the Elks at the Post have been invited to a dinner and entertainment to be given tomorrow night by the Rahway Elks at the Rahway club house.



MAJOR SLAYMAKER, M. C., AND CAPTAIN VAN RENSSELAER, M. C.

—Photo by Lieut. Treichler.

These two well known members of the staff at this Post have received honorable discharges from the Medical Corps and have returned to their civilian practices. Major Slaymaker has gone back to Chicago and Captain Van Rensselaer to Washington. The Major began his Army service at this Post May 11, 1918, while Cap-

tain Van Rensselaer arrived later. Both were popular with the personnel of the Post and there was general regret over their departure. Major Slaymaker was Chief of the Medical Service and Summary Court Officer, and retained his popularity in spite of the latter office. Capt. Van Rensselaer was in charge of Officers' Ward.

Baseball Players Organize; Open Season With Raritan

A Post Baseball team has been organized and it is hoped that a few Hal Chases and Hans Wagners will be uncovered before long.

The first game of the season will be played Friday, May 23d, on the new field. The hospital team will be opposed by a team from Camp Raritan and a real game is expected. Other games include the Rahway Oreoles; Co. C., 122nd Inf., Camp Morgan; Spicer Manufacturing Co., and Rahway Y. M. C. A.

Uniforms have been ordered and are expected soon. Following are the names of some of the men who, no doubt, will be seen in action in the opening game: Witt, Cunningham, Rich, Burke, Fette, Dunn, O'Malley, Petronis, Gardner, Druck, Rader, Sistek, O'Donnell, Barker, Gowans, Haughawout.

A good schedule is being arranged by Sec. Wilson of the "Y."

MASTER HOSPITAL SERGEANT.

The Hospital has a Master Hospital Sergeant at last. Announcement has been made that the Master Hospital Sergeant warrant of Hospital Sergeant Lawrence, top sergeant of the Detachment, has been received from Washington. Congratulations to the M. H. S.

"There is as much greatness of mind in acknowledging a good turn, as in doing one."—Seneca.

Construction Q. Ms Leaving After Long Service Here

In accordance with an order from the Quarter Master General's office at Washington, the detachment of construction Quarter Masters that had been stationed at this post for the past sixteen months left Thursday, May 15, for Washington.

After strenuous plugging they have created an establishment adequate to care comfortably for all patients allotted to this hospital.

Captain Smith, commanding the detachment, and Mr. Tompkins, a civilian, who assisted the captain, will continue their work in Washington.

The detachment arrived here in January, 1918, and since that time their life has been just one building after another. We regret to see you go, C. Q. M.s., but you're in the Army now.

GOODBY TO UNGAR.

George S. Ungar, Machine Gun Company, 9th Inf., 2nd Div., was discharged from the Hospital, Saturday, after having been a patient here since August. He has recovered entirely from his wounds and plans to enter college this fall.

Life, misfortune, isolation, poverty, are the fields of battle which have their heroes—obscure heroes, who are sometimes grander than those who win renown.

Lieut. Clark Killed In Motor Collision

**His Taxicab Struck By Truck
In Rahway-- Driver Held
By Police**

Second Lieut. Elmer B. Clark, Sanitary Corps, survey officer of the Educational Service at this Hospital, died Saturday evening as the result of an automobile accident which took place late in the afternoon. Captain Logan B. Zintsmaster, Medical Corps, who was in the car with Lieut. Clark, escaped with a scalp wound.

Lieut. Clark and Capt. Zintsmaster were on St. George avenue, Rahway, en route to the Pennsylvania station. They were in a Ford taxicab driven by Hamilton B. Bailey, colored. On St. George avenue they encountered an automobile truck driven by Harry Freid, of Newark. The truck was driving on the left side of the street, according to the report of the accident, and the driver of the taxicab, apparently thinking the truck was not going to take its proper position, decided to pass on the left side. Just when the taxicab reached the center of the road, the truck began to swerve to the right side of the road.

The taxicab managed to escape the front part of the truck but was struck by the rear portion of the larger vehicle. The top of the taxicab was wrecked completely. The colored driver sustained a badly damaged shoulder which will probably result in a permanent injury. Lieut. Clark sustained a fractured skull.

Lieut. Clark was unconscious when he was brought to the Hospital. He was taken at once to the operating pavilion where Major Ney performed an operation. The Lieutenant died shortly after 9 o'clock.

Captain Zintsmaster's scalp wound was given treatment at the same time and Bailey's shoulder and collar bone were cared for. Bailey was removed to the Rahway hospital. Freid was held at the Rahway police station on a charge of manslaughter.

The news of the collision and death was a shock to the personnel of the Post where Lieut. Clark had become well known during his brief stay. On Sunday the flag was at half staff and the Lieutenant's fellow officers paid tribute to the departed member.

Lieut. Clark came to this hospital about three weeks ago and took up his duties as Survey Officer at the School. He was particularly well qualified for this work, having taken an extended course in psychology at Clark College, Worcester, Mass. He enlisted in the Army, March 19, 1918, and was commissioned October

28, 1918. His brother lived at 31 Warren street, Fitchburg, Mass.

In his work at the School, Lieut. Clark met the convalescent patients and after interviewing them helped them to decide the course most advisable for them to take. His ability in this line of work and his personality won for him the esteem of the patients who sought his help as well as the high regard of the officers and enlisted men of the School staff.

The funeral services were held in the Post Chapel at 9:30 o'clock Monday morning. Chaplain Leach was in charge of the services and accompanied the body to the grave. Officers who officiated as pallbearers were Lieut. Stewart, Lieut. Denslow and Captain Manning, of the Educational Service; Lieut. Klein, Lieut. Paine and Lieut. Anthony, of the Medical Corps. Burial was in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York City.

The Commanding Officer has appointed a board of officers to investigate the cause of Lieut. Clark's death and make a report. The board is composed of Captain Sellers, president; Captain Rose, member, and First Lieut. McNamara, recorder.

LIEUTENANT CLARK WON COMMISSION ON HIS MERIT.

Lieutenant Elmer B. Clark entered the service of the United States Army in March, 1918, as a private in the Training School for Military Psychologists at Camp Greenleaf, Ga. Those who knew him there recall him as one who not only, from the first days of the two months' training course, demonstrated a remarkable professional equipment in his chosen field of service, but won immediately a secure place in the affections of his fellow-students and fellow-soldiers.

As Duty Sergeant of Psychological Company No. 1, Lieutenant Clark proved himself a man of exceptional ability and tact. Only those familiar with the history of that Company in its days of trial and stress, can appreciate the faithfulness with which Sergeant Clark strove to maintain the morale of the organization and to aid in the accomplishment of its appointed work. In spite of a position which forced him often to thrust unpleasant tasks upon men least accustomed to such duties, Sergeant Clark was able not only to catch and to hold, but firmly to fix and to stimulate the friendship of all who knew him. His commission in the Sanitary Corps was at once recognized as the award due his splendid efforts and his contribution to the success of Military Psychology as a pioneer undertaking.

Although Lieutenant Clark was transferred to this post only a few days before his death, the unanimous sorrow of those who made his acquaintance is a tribute to the sincere democracy that was his, to the simple charm of his big personality, and to the keen insight into the minds of others that was perhaps his supreme attribute. He was a master psychologist—not only by profession, but in the very heart and soul of him that knew men and caught their love. As his mind was brilliant, so was his character unusual: for it compelled respect from his superiors and confidence from those who ranked below him.



ATOP THE RED CROSS HOUSE

—Photo by Etaoin Shrdlu.

Three Red Cross workers placing a new flag on the flagpole of the Red Cross house. They are Miss Collingswood, Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Culin.

RED CROSS.

The senior class of the West Orange High School presented the Pintero comedy, "The Amazons," at the Red Cross house Saturday night and entertained the large audience in good fashion. The various turns taken by the plot and the laughable situations produced by the action of the piece were well handled by the young thespians. The cast included Donald Smith, George Boland, Rebecca Finkelstein, Ruth O'Sullivan, Mae Stocker, Ruth Holland, Fannie Bavosa, Philip Keigher, Wallace Childs, Frederick Sharpe, Alan Wallace and John Burke.

The celebrated Lyric Club presented a concert at the Red Cross house Wednesday evening. The boys showed their appreciation of high class music by giving their closest attention to the work of the choral society and particularly by the applause they offered the soloists.

Among the best numbers offered by the club were the Agnus Dei, by Bizet; Song of the Volga Boatman; The Monotone; the Water Fly, the Dancing Doll and the Invocation to St. Cecelia.

The program was made memorable by the soprano solos by Miss Grace Kerns, whose efforts aroused the most enthusiastic applause. Miss Kerns offered several groups of songs in addition to incidental solos.

The vaudeville bill given at the Red Cross house last Thursday was one of the best seen in Colonia this season.

This was due to the talent of Miss Bijou Russel, the only girl on the stage today doing such an act; Sherlock, the wonder dog, added greatly to the evening's entertainment by his almost human intelligence. Arthur & Mignon Gardner did fifteen minutes of good humor. Waiman & Berry, Mr. McDonald, Harry Ross, the dancing team of Meyers, Lloyd & Malden and Elmer Ransome made up the rest of the entertainment.

Concerning The Pen and The Sword

By PRIVATE FIRST CLASS OTTO J. PRECHT.

Many have been the arguments pro and con as to the prowess of the sword. It has been shown that force had to be used to quiet the Kaiser. Physical force has its many advantages but the pen is the principal force in combating all foes and also bringing cheer and good tidings to all. The power of the pen cannot be better illustrated than in the life of Abraham Lincoln, who is still today the inspiration of our country.

In the publication of OVER HERE the power and good cheer of the pen is easily apparent as that popular paper makes its weekly appearance. It takes something very interesting to keep quiet the lively soldiers at th's post for any length of time, but OVER HERE has done this and more. To illustrate: Bedlam was being raised in Barrack 4, the amateur band was at its highest pitch, but when the weekly issue was brought to that barrack the band was forgotten and all hands soon had a copy and everything was so quiet that you could hear the proverbial pin drop.

OVER HERE has the interest and the good will of every one on the post from the Commanding Officer to the private and it has raised the morale of the post to a very large extent. It is common knowledge that a soldier is never satisfied, he always wants to be somewhere else, and this

is especially true of the present army. The enlisted men who have composed the Army of 1918 never claimed to be professional soldiers, they went at the call of the President to the defense of their country and the task being done, they now want to go home and resume civilian activities, and the purpose of OVER HERE is to cheer and encourage the men who have to remain for the present.

When OVER HERE made its initial bow to the public it was read with great interest and also with a view towards criticism. It has received much praise and to it we owe numerous chuckles and laughs and in days to come happy recollections. It is safe to say that OVER HERE has entered the home of every soldier of the post, and it has gladdened the heart of many a mother, especially the mothers of the wounded, when through OVER HERE they have had first hand information of what Uncle Sam is going to do for the boys.

Almost every post has its weekly paper and there is much friendly competition, but competition is the life of trade, and OVER HERE has thrived on it; it has originality, sustained interest, and what is more a message that goes to the heart and presents a vivid illustration of "all for one and one for all."

SCHOOL NOTES.

Major Franklin W. Johnson, formerly Chief of the Educational Service here, now in the Division of Reconstruction in the Surgeon General's office, visited this hospital last week and inspected the work of the educational department.

The Major spent three days here, visiting the wards, interviewing patients, and inspecting the work. He left here Saturday to make an inspection of the General Hospital at Lakewood, N. J. The new work of Major Johnson includes inspections of all the Government hospitals in the Eastern States, the distribution of equipment and material, and the appointment and assignment of aides.

The quick recovery of this school from the recent fire, which destroyed the school building with much of the equipment, was highly praised by the Major. He also commended the academic work.

Mrs. A. C. Manning, instructor in mathematics, spent the week-end at a house party in Ocean City, N. J.

Miss Ruth Adler, vocational aide in Ward 8, has been transferred to Debarcation Hospital No. 5, New York City. Miss Edith Williams, formerly of Lakewood, N. J., Hospital, is assigned to Ward 8.

An aerial has been erected at the school for use of the class in wireless telegraphy, and as soon as the connections can be made, the class will have a complete transmitting and receiving plant with full equipment.

Miss Elizabeth Rickard, of the Radio Corps, instructor of the class, says the apparatus will have a sending radius of seven miles and can receive from points three hundred miles distant. The aerial is strung from poles on the roofs of Wards 28 and 30 and is 40 feet above the ground.

J. W. B.

On Monday evening 35 men from this post journeyed to New Brunswick, where they were entertained with a box party and dance. An abundance of food came tucked away in the boxes and when the last waltz was played all joined in saying that the evening was next to marvelous.

The Odds and Ends Club, of Elizabeth, entertained 30 men on Tuesday evening with a Dance and Refreshments. Needless to say Mr. Siegel was thanked heartily for the arrangement of such a pleasant evening for the boys.

The J. W. B. staged a party for 50 men at the Broad Street Theatre in Newark. The piquant Dolly Sisters playing in "Oh, Look," were the source of much amusement to those present. This was followed by a dinner and dance at the Newark Temple.

Thursday a very enjoyable Lawn Party was staged in Elizabeth.

Recently the Ben Hun Club, of Newark, entertained the boys with a very clever Minstrel Show and Dance.

ARE THERE ANY FORDS MISSING?

Private Brennan, who has just returned from a New York Hospital where he suffered from cramps in the hair tells the following story:

Two patients were lying in their cots discussing the carelessness of some surgeons. One told the other that his surgeon had sewed up a sponge in him by mistake. The second patient then told how the doctor had sewed up an artery clamp in him. A third patient was then wheeled into the ward just recovered from his anaesthetic. Suddenly the door was pushed open and a surgeon rushed in breathlessly crying, "Has anybody seen my hat?"

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All copy for Over Here must be in the hands
of the Editor not later than Saturday night of
each week.

OVER HERE is distributed, free of charge,
to all at General Hospital No. 3.

Friday, May 23, 1919.

THE HOUSE
CALLED “HOME.”

It sometimes happens that light is thrown
upon weighty problems in the most unexpected
manner.

Newton, we believe, learned a great deal
about the law of gravity because of his fond-
ness for the old apple tree. Franklin took up
kite flying and brought about controlled elec-
tricity. The Wright brothers began with
bicycles and finished by mastering the air.

Similarly, if the exponents of communism,
socialism and the other idealistic doctrines,
would forsake their favorite soap boxes and
journey to the Red Cross house of any of our
Army Hospitals; and, if once there, they
would observe silence and forget, for a while,
the tremendous seriousness of their mission in
life—if such a visitation would come to pass,
it might be that they would see a light that
would cause them to discard their favorite
doctrines of reform and admit that the com-
bination of wounded men and Red Cross
workers has come closer to exemplifying the
theorem of “One for all; all for one” than has
any other agency.

They are but ordinary frame structures,
these Red Cross houses, remarkable for the
great auditorium filled with easy chairs and
overshadowed by heavy timbers which center
in the topmost point of the ceiling. They are
built for immediate use and dedicated to a
short life. No one wishes them to last a great
length of time for their continued existence
means that men still are suffering from the
wounds of battle. Their early closing like-
wise is a sign that the work of entertaining
and caring for the patients is at an end—that
the job is done.

It is not for the men in hospitals to in-
quire where the Red Cross gets its unfailing
supply of everything necessary. It is sufficient
for them to know, merely, that their every
wish will be gratified by making a trip to the
house; or, in case of bed patients, a ward
worker will call. Dainties, smokes, invitations
to parties, repairing of clothes, automobile
rides, reservations on the best trains, flowers

for mothers and sweethearts in distant towns,
canes, crutches, wheel chairs,—a girl to visit
with during a wintry afternoon—a faithful
letter writer, a confidante to hear one’s woes,
a sound-proof telephone booth, a report of a
comrade “missing in action,” a mince pie, a
woolen sweater, a plug of tobacco, a gripping
novel, a Broadway show, a photograph speci-
ally posed, an argument as to who won the
war, a loan of a few dollars, a piano-player, a
game of pool, the home newspaper, the girl
you left behind—is there anything the Red
Cross house cannot provide?

Three distinct phases are evident in the
course of the day from 9 to 9. In the morning
the men—hundreds of them on crutches or in
chairs—follow the long, covered corridors
that lead to the big auditorium and spend
their time in letter writing, singing, reading
or in the bantering which inevitably follows
when groups of men who follow the same call-
ing are thrown together. The morning may
be classed as the prelude of the day’s pro-
gram.

The afternoon brings its joys—and some-
times its tears. The lovers exchanging poetic
fancies in one section of the room are un-
aware of the father and mother who are hav-
ing their first glimpse of a wounded son since
his return. Red Cross workers are booking
certain patients for motor rides in the nearby
country. Motor Corps girls are announcing
trips to the canteens and the railroad station.
Convalescent soldiers sit beside the volunteer
worker at the telephone and announce with
megaphones the names of the parties called.
A hopeful pianist picks “Smiles” from the
keyboard. The usual quota sits about the
desk of the woman who repairs their cloth-
ing and lavish unlimited praise for her skill
in sewing buttons, wound stripes and other
essentials of the day.

At the approach of night, the house is
“set” for the evening performance. It may
be motion pictures or it may be vaudeville.
If it is pictures, there will be deep silence
until the hero and the heroine meet in that
clinging, celluloid embrace which, in filmdom,
betokens early wedding bells. And when that
scene is flashed, the uniformed audience will
lend unanimous vocal assistance in making it
a success. They will shout commands which,
in Army circles, mean “Carry On,” and there
will be sighs and expressions of “As you
were” when the scene is ended.

Should vaudeville be the attraction, there
will be even more opportunities for the men
to show their good nature. They will join in
the songs and anticipate the jokes. They will
remain until “Good Night” is announced.
Then, back to the wards. The Red Cross house
is silent.

The men feel completely at home in the
Red Cross house. It is their home. And if
the American Red Cross should ever feel the
need of vindication it need only reflect that,
as rapidly as the Army built hospitals, the
Red Cross performed that miracle of building
a house and making it a home.

A ONE-ARMED,
NO-LEGGED SPEECH.

I have found that you do not need hands
and feet, but you do need courage and char-
acter. You must play the game like a thor-
oughbred

You fellows know how it is in a handicap
race. A handicap is put on the horse that
has proved himself, so that he may not beat
the others too easily. But the horse with the
handicap is the one to bet on.

You fellows are handicapped, but we
know you can win the fight. You have been
handicapped by the Hun who could not win
the fight. For most of you it will prove to
be God’s greatest blessing, for few men begin
to think until they find themselves up against
a brick wall.

And you other folks—don’t treat these
boys like babies! Treat them like what they
have proven themselves to be—men. Don’t
spoon-feed them. Don’t coddle them. They
would rather get their own faces in the blue-
berry pie and eat it for themselves.

—Michael Dowling at the International Conference
on Reconstruction.

* * * * *

YE ARE NOT DEAD

In Flanders still the poppies grow
Among the crosses, bending low,
On fragile stems, their cups of red
Like censers swinging o’er the dead
That fell short days ago.

Ye are **not** dead! If it were so
We that abide could never go
As blithely marching by your bed
In Flanders fields.

Because your bodies lie below,
Above, with an intenser glow,
The Torch moves on; in your brave stead
Men dare to bleed as ye have bled—
That larks may sing and poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

—Frank E. Hering.

* * * * *

The terms of peace may possibly succeed
the Heidelberg scar as the German national
symbol.

* * * * *

After July 1st we may be writing to the
boys on the Rhine to ship us a package.

* * * * *

“Give a thought to Broadway” is the
newest slogan in Gotham. Apparently Broad-
way admits its inability to produce one of its
own.

* * * * *

If Willard is to get that fabulous sum for
his post-war fighting, it will have to come
from the civilians.

* * * * *

If Ty Cobb has slowed up in his base run-
ning he may blame it on military channels.

* * * * *

A Bolshevik is a modern type of the man
who used to use a match in looking for a gas
leak.

The Soldier and The Land Movement

Dolly Sisters' Show Makes Big Hit With 200 Wounded



UNFAMILIAR SCENES

Bugler being presented with loving cup from enlisted men for waking the boys on time

HOSPITAL ORDERS.

The following officers, having reported at this station, will report to the Chief of the Surgical Service for duty: Major Zador L. Griesemer, M. C.; Major Fielding T. Robeson, M. C.; Captain Jacob C. Fisk, M. C.; First Lieutenant Joseph S. Mark, M. C.

Second Lieutenant Orren D. Chapman, S. C., and Sergeant First Class Arthur H. Mathewson, Med. Dept., in addition to their other duties, are detailed as instructors and advisors in matters pertaining to War Risk Insurance and Compensation.

Captain John A. Boale, M. C., is appointed Officer in Charge of Dispensary and Recruiting Office vice Captain Lawrence E. Willard, M. C., hereby relieved.

In addition to his other duties, Captain Benjamin E. Spiegel, M. C., will take charge of Sick Call vice Captain William H. Bodensstab, M. C., hereby relieved.

Lt. Colonel Charles L. Gandy, M. C., is appointed Summary Court and Survey Officer, this hospital, vice Major Samuel R. Slaymaker, M. C., discharged.

Captain William H. Williamson, S. C., having reported at this station, is assigned to duty as Police Officer, Assistant Sanitary Inspector, and Assistant Commanding Officer, Detachment Medical Department.

Second Lieut. Bernard C. Diekmann, S. C., is appointed Recorder of the Board of Officers appointed by H. O. 821, Par. 7, these headquarters, December 4, 1918, vice First Lieutenant Judson L. Stewart, S. C., hereby relieved.



THE LAST SHOT

-Drawn by "Charlotte"

Tweetie, about to welcome her returned soldier, concludes he will just perfectly love the smell of powder.

To the Editor of OVER HERE:

"OVER HERE" recently printed an editorial from The Times on "Soldiers Asking for Land." Soldiers who were interested in this article will also be interested, I am sure, in a few other facts relative to the project.

(1) Secretary Lane's plan is not by any means to give soldiers land for the asking, but with the labor of discharged soldiers, to lay tile drains, grub stumps, build irrigation flumes, and dams and reservoirs, build roads and construct farm buildings. For this the soldiers will receive fair laborer's wages. The farms thus built will then be sold to them at market price, their first payment to be made out of their savings from the wages while building them, a mortgage being given over the remainder, payable by amortization over a period of forty years. According to Secretary Lane's latest announcement, it is a part of his plan that land purchased by soldiers shall not be resold for a period of ten years.

(2) The first industry to be rebuilt in the war-torn lands of Europe will be agriculture. This is not simply because Europeans are very hungry and are paying a very high price for their food, but because agriculture in its simpler forms is the easiest industry to put quickly on its feet. Every European country has a "Soldier on the land" movement, as have Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The area of cultivated land in Europe will within a couple of years considerably exceed the pre-war area. Premier Lloyd George says that English agriculture shall not be allowed to go back to its pre-war state. Europe will shortly raise more of her own food than she did prior to 1914.

(3) America has during the war, produced a quantity of food sufficient to feed more than twice her own population. Prices of food stuffs have been maintained and are being maintained because we are feeding more than twice our own population. But these prices depend entirely on the foreign market. Considering our own needs solely, our present production is 100 per cent. over-production. As Russia and the Balkans, and Germany, and France begin again producing food, and our exports gradually diminish, our cultivated area will have to decrease rather than increase, or farmers as a class will be forced to abscond.

(4) During the thirty years prior to 1915, the cultivated area of the United States relative to our population, averaged 3.5 acres per capita. It fluctuated from time to time, of course. When prices became high, the area increased. This increased production, and prices fell again, and the less productive lands were abandoned. This explains many of the "abandoned farms" in New York and New Jersey. It is a simple economic law applying to all businesses and professions that as the business becomes more profitable it gathers recruits. As it becomes unprofitable the less successful will adopt a new trade. In 1915 our cultivated area was 356,000,000 acres. Since our population stands at about 100,000,000, this would be 3.56 acres per capita, or a little more than the

average 3.5. During the war the total acreage was increased 30 or 40 million, which means that the area of cultivated land is at present nearly 4 acres per inhabitant. A reduction of this area will surely be necessary when the task of feeding Europe is lifted from our shoulders. The soldier could not get off his land, of course, regardless of the unprofitableness of his venture.

(5) But Secretary Lane says, "Our tillable lands shall not be unused." Why? Is there any other reason why we have unused lands in this country, except that so far it has not paid to farm them? Is there any good reason why these lands should be formed until it will pay to farm them? Would the Secretary say that every coal vein, regardless of the quality or quantity it will produce, or the profit of working it, shall be worked? Or that every forest should be immediately cut into lumber? Is there any good reason why the exhaustion of the fertility of our unused lands should be stimulated until there is a permanent remunerative world demand for what they will produce?

(6) The farmer's average work-day in the summer is fourteen hours. His wife works a longer time, and he is the greatest employer of child labor of any of the industries.

I have lived on the farm all my life, and have the advantage over many soldiers interested in the Government's plan, in that I have had a college course in agriculture, and some special government training. Yet I hesitate to go back to an excellent farm in Kansas which is virtually my own, for the reasons stated above.

SGT. GLENN B. SNAPP.

On leave of absence from the Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

K. OF C.

Tomorrow, Saturday, there will be an all-day picnic, centering at the K. of C. house, although the picnickers probably will make use of a large part of the camp. The picnic will begin at 2 o'clock with baseball game and at 5 o'clock a picnic lunch will be served in the K. C. building. In the evening the Players' Club will entertain the boys and when that part of the show is over the men will amuse themselves by dancing with the fair visitors.

Two associate secretaries have arrived to assist General Secretary Kiernan. They are Joseph Dultz and Charles Guetermann.

General Secretary Kiernan is building a regulation 24-foot boxing ring immediately in front of the K. C. house and he is arranging to have some well known ring artists appear here. He is acquainted with most the best men in the ring and there is little doubt that he will be able to bring them here to show the men their skill with the gloves.

The Laurel Club, of New Brunswick, gave an entertainment and dance here on the evening of the 14th. On the 16th, the Plainfield visitors gave a dance interspersed with vocal and musical selections. On the evening of the 19th, the Daughters of Isabella, of Westfield, were in charge of a dancing party.

Monday night brought a big event for some 200 wounded men at the hospital. Through the kindness of the East Orange Woman's Club they were taken to the Broad Street Theatre, Newark, where the Dolly Sisters and Harry Fox were presenting their show, "Oh, Look." The performance was a big success and the boys showed their appreciation of the evening's entertainment.

The entertainment office of the Red Cross, through Mr. Heusel, handled the arrangements for the party. The Red Cross Motor Unit provided the transportation to and from Newark.

The show is a modern vehicle which provides the Dolly Sisters with numerous opportunities for displaying their dancing ability and also gives the audience many chances to guess which is Yanci and which is Roszika. Likewise, Harry Fox has a few good scenes in which he entertains with his usual clever line.

The show carries a number of attractive chorus girls who sing and dance and charm in effective style. The best proof of this statement may be had from a bunch of the wounded who occupied a stage box. The men surely had a fine time joining in the singing with the girls and catching the floral tributes thrown from the stage.

EFFORTS OF AN EDITORIAL WRITER TO PRODUCE A "POWERFUL PIECE" WHILE A SENTIMENTAL PIANIST IS AT WORK IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.

... firstly, then, it is necessary to scrutinize the conditions of the day in the hope that we may obtain some tangible hours I spent with thee dear heart and thus guard against the future. Are like a string of pearls to me, as Henry James has so well said in his kiss me again kiss me again thus proving that man is a social being; he craves society for I love you truly truly dear in this age even as in the days when homes were far apart there's a long long trail a-winding unto the present day when we break the news to mother period and paragraph men have died for just a wearyin' for you; women have suffered rather than I'm sour dear so sour dear and when swords have been beaten into plowshares I care not for the stars that shine we only know that this is the end of a perfect day the soul of a waffle iron shall not have curled in vain and that all is well if forgetting you is thinking of you all aboard for Coney Island; spend a nice quiet day in Luna Park!

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Sunday

6:15 a. m. Mass for Catholics
Chaplain Reilly

8:30 a. m. Mass for Catholics
Chaplain Reilly

10:30 a. m. Protestant Services
Chaplain Leach

All above services are held in Chapel, rear of Ward 5, connecting with corridor.
8:00 p. m. Evening Service in Y. M. C. A.

Friday

6:30 p. m. Jewish Services in Chapel



UNFAMILIAR SCENES
Enlisted man looking for an officer to Salute.

WARD ROOMERS

Victor Fleming, the Gyrene, spent so much time one afternoon at one of the Red Cross desks that he became known as the Army of Occupation.

George Ungar says no one can say he came through without a scratch. He scratched from the day he landed in France.

McCloskey, of Ward 5, was due to have an egg nog and Rideout got it by mistake. McCloskey is the only one who complained.

The handle of the Vic in Ward 22 has disappeared and Sarj Connie Foley wants to know why anyone would take it. He says the Vic is no good to Ward 22 without the handle and of what use is the handle without the Vic?

Jimmy Palmquist saw Montique studying in the Library. Since Montique was seated on the dictionary, Jimmy predicts that he will hatch some bright ideas.

Machlman, of 12, has adopted a dog for a mascot and will put him on the diet list for light diet.

It is understood that there is considerable rivalry among the officers dining at Mercy House to be Officer of the Day. The O. D. eats at the Detachment mess now.

The occupants of Ward 7 are wondering whether the song "Smiles" was written by Laffan of that same ward.

Lieutenant in Ward 7 to Nurse: Where is Bazutka and Yatkinski?

Nurse: Geography was not taught where I took my training.

The boys of Ward 10 are to be informed that simply because a certain man's name is Scali they mustn't call him a poor fish.

Harry Rogers, of 29, had just accused Evans of being slow, when the boy from Indiana piped: "You needn't think you're swift because you have a Ham on your back."

Jimmy Bernard, in 4, wants to know who wrote that new song called, "Don't Cry, Frenchman, Don't Cry."

Mike Sullivan brought tears to the eyes of Ward 2 by reading a poem written by himself, entitled: "Where There's a Will, There's Relations."

LOST.

Red Cross coin purse containing \$15. Return to OVER HERE office for reward.

BARRACK BUNK.

Cotton, of the Ambulance "Aviators," has returned from a visit at Clare, Mich. He says most of the people there are in favor of the League provided they will play an exhibition game at Clare.

Corporal Bernstein was seen sitting on the back steps of the Dispensary hitting himself on the head with a hammer. Pvt. Green attracted to the scene by the resonant tatoo, asked the "Corpuscle" just why he amused himself in that manner. "O," reiterated Bernie, (a Pharmacist always reiterates), "I love to do this because it feels so good when I stop."

The Registrar's office was the scene of the surgical discussion recently. Not one of the personnel knew the details of the argument so the stage was all set for a real home-like discussion.

"Well," said Karstendiek, "in all such brain cases an operation is a matter of compulsion."

"Yes, indeed," returned Leigh, "Compulsion' of the brain must receive immediate attention."

Corp. Fritchie (phoning the Mess hall): Who is at the phone?

Sgt. Solon: This is Sgt. Solon.

Corp. Fritchie: Is everything all right?

Sgt. Solon: Yes, sir.

Corp. Fritchie: Sir, hell! This is Corporal Fritchie.

INTIMATE STUFF.

Sergt. Epstein informs us that he is soon to become a Benedict. Is that what you call re-enlisting?

Notice posted recently stating that no furloughs will be granted in the month of June has caught all eyes. Sgt. Lawrence says that this will at least stop some of the celebrations planned before July 1st sets in.

The railing around the drink counter at the Post Exchange will be ready July 1st. Sergt. Heath says, "Put your foot on the rail and order a Bevo and I'll be doggone if any of you veterans will know the difference. (What is this ad worth, Clyde?)

Pvt. Boggan is now on the staff of barbers at the Post Exchange. Boggan says he was an old-timer at cutting grass and cutting hair is no different. Wonder if he ever was a butcher?

Sergt. Ingelse was busy entertaining his wife at the Post Canteen last Sunday. She was satisfied to know that the boys looked so well in spite of the fact that her "hubby" handed out the Chow.

Latest rumor has it that the boys in the Medical Detachment will be out anywhere from June 1, 1919, to June 1, 1920. For real dope see Pvt. Lemberg at the Record Office.

Sergts. Durning and Kendall are room-mates. One complains about the other not waking him up in time to be on the job. Alarm clocks are still in the market.

H. A. F.

"This Train For Down-Town Colonia."

Sgt. Epstein—Since you are so good at grammar, how many kinds of sentences are there?

Pvt. First Class Benjamin—Three; five years, ten years and life.

Our Loss

We of the Educational Service mourn Lieutenant Clark.

In the youth of May and manhood he came, a bouyant soul, to boost our lagging spirits. The rad'ant glow of health that was his roused cheer and confidence. In his calm, clear glance was silent understanding. Mere presence was a reassuring comfort.

He was happy to come to No. 3. Oteen had been a social desert, and an ultra-active mind had longed for other labor. New York—and she he mentioned not—was near. Puzzling problems of the Educational Service already reflected the light of his deep eye. A thought, a word, an action—he lost no time, he made no

compromises. For each task there was but one goal; no half-way house stood between.

For worth and character there was an instant recognition and often spoken praise. The rank and file of order colored not his choice, affected not his judgment. To serve was his one desire; that he had no over-seas duty the better to qualify him for greater service with returned men, his one regret.

But yesterday he smiled a glad "Good Morning." Today the empty chair brings back the vision of a mind too quick, a soul too hopeful, a spirit too warm and big for earthly life to keep. Here for a few brief days, cut off in the flush of youth and year, Lieutenant Clark leaves behind in No. 3 a troop of sorrowing, thoughtful friends.



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SEALED TIGHT



KEPT RIGHT

CURRENT INTERVIEWS

“Mebbe I don't know who won the war but I know who started the war. Yea, boy. It was this here American ruler, King Gillette, who makes the



safety razor. Anyhow he was after me all the time and I had to get eczema and bust out all over my face before my Cap'n

would let me go a week or two without doing the big scratch on the beard. It was this way: I promises my Dame that I would be true to her no matter how many French snooks Ooo la la'd at me and no sooner does I set my tootsies in Paris than all the little Antoinettes swarms around me like I was a movie akter comin' out of the stage door or somethin' an' I says to myself says I, 'Listen, Oswald, if you're going to be true to that Dame in Newark you gotta hide your beauty, which I then done by letting the old whiskers grow and even then it was a hard life and there was times when I had to shout, 'Line forms to the right!' And when I got shot up on Nov. 10th and was in the hospital the Germans decided there was no use fighting any more. Their women was safe. All they wanted was to keep us good lookin' birds out of their country. When do we chow!”

“Thence By Carriage to Cemetery.” Pvt. Hamilton was admiring the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was particularly taken with the painting of Washington crossing the Delaware. After long study, Hamilton remarked to another aesthete:

“It's a good thing George was the C. O. of that outfit or some Louie would have called him for being out of uniform. H's overcoat ain't buttoned.”

OFFICERS' REPORT.

Lieut. Trowbridge still thinks he can beat Lieut. Bundy at golf.

Capt. Spiegel was up at 5:15 the other morning. The cause is being investigated.

Lieut. Diekman is looking for a house in Plainfield. Next month is June, you know.

Capt. Elsom still is wondering with whom he started that John Paul Jones at the Officers' dance.

Lieut. Popper was sick last week and one of the first things he did was appear in the Red Cross house in a bathrobe. Looks like a vacation.

Lieut. Chapman is so interested in insurance that he talks it to the nurses when he is dancing.

DOCTOR Harden attended the Officers' dance at the K. of C. house. The Doc says he misses the days when he was a Captain here and would like to return to stay.

Lieut. Bundy discovered a house guest in his room Saturday night. It was a hemipterous insect, familiarly known as cunex lectularius, and is particularly fond of beds and the occupants thereof. Lieut. Gilchrist said he could recognize it by the odor, while Lieut. Walsh said the only way to identify them is by watching them on the wall. If it crawls up the wall it isn't a bedbug; if it crawls down, it is.

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A STENOGR'S LAMENT

In the smoke, smoke, smoke,
I type in the office all day,
And breathe smoke, smoke, smoke,
From cigarette, meerschaum, and
clay.

But I gloat, gloat, gloat,
When I dream of the day that will
come

When the Devil will say, “All
smokers this way,”
How they'll smoke! Smoke!!
SMOKE!!!

—S. N. L.

Lieut. Jones' latest song is, “Oh,
How I Miss You Dear Old Pal of
Mine.”

The Ayes Have It.

Sgt. Strauss—Say, did you see my
nose glasses?

Sgt. Gilliland—Yes, they were
looking for you a while ago.

“Soldiers, Sailors, Peasants, Trees,
Rocks andsoforth by the Company.”

Rector—Where did you stop when
you were in New York?

McKabney—At the Penn.

Rector—Say, I didn't ask you
about your train. I asked about you.

Killelea: Say, you ought to go to
a doctor and have your head exam-
ined.

Benerettio: I did

Killelea: Well, what did he say?

Ben: One “Bone.”

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